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Here they pass the night; and early in the morning the travellers recommence their toilsome and dangerous journey. Again are the awful ice-hills and treacherous snow-drifts to be dared; again dark chasms, which may not be looked into by nervous heads, are crossed with careful steps; again, fastened one to another, dangerous, ice-formed, slippery-looking bridges, are ventured on by the daring company; again are strength of character and determination put to the test, and the Grand Plateau is gained.

Above are the Rochers Rouges, or Red Rocks, at the foot of which lay the old route to the summit, prior to the ascent of Messrs Fellowes and Hawes in the year 1827. The really hazardous part of the journey commences here. Avalanches and crevasses are equally to be avoided. The Dernier Rochers, the highest visible rocks are above them; below appear a vast assemblage of white pyramids—Monte Rosa, the Col du Géant, and the snow-clad rocks reaching down to the Mer de Glace.

"Snow piled on snow; each mass appears
The gathered winter of a thousand years."

The travellers, drawing near the summit, experience the effect on the frame of so great an elevation. Some parts of their bodies become very dry, a livid colour and constriction of the skin begin to be observed, the thirst is intense, and can scarcely be allayed, even by continually eating sugar, French plums, and snow. In a narrow valley, sheltered from the wind, and exposed to the sun's direct rays,—the common focus, too, of rays reflected from vast surrounding walls of snow,—the heat is oppressive, and the face becomes scorched. A veil is, therefore, put on, and green spectacles are used, which are indispensable to obviate the glare from the sun.

Greater sufferings still follow; every two or three minutes they all sink down on the snow, absolutely breathless, and scarcely able to utter a word. In so rarified an atmosphere, they cannot hear one another speak, even at a short distance, without great exertion, and then the voice sounds thin and remote, like a bell in the half-exhausted receiver on the plate of an air pump. "I should no more have thought," says Mr. Auldjo, "of calling to a guide fifty yards from me, than a man on Ben Lomond would do to a friend on the opposite summit of the Cöbler." One of the guides has an hæmorrhage from an accidental blow, and the blood appears of an unusually dark colour. The lips of the party are quite blue, their faces extremely contracted and pale, and the eyes very much sunk, with a deep dark zone beneath the lower eyelids. Every moment, a longing look is cast towards the summit, and then, holding their heads low, they press onwards, some with overwhelming headache and various other pains, till the feeling of exhaustion becomes irresistible, and they sink again quite flat and still upon the snow.

Another effort, and success must be achieved. The Côte is yet above them. "I had the greatest difficulty," says Albert Smith, "in getting my wandering wits into order, but the risk called for the strongest mental effort, and with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon 'pluck,' I got ready for the climb. The Mer de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice, more frightful than anything yet passed. Of course every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran cooler still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent,—the *calotte*, as it is called,—the 'cap,' of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labour, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition, and everybody was so 'blown,' in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides: but I

was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinécure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my 'team' because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees, and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!"

HOPE ON.

BY DOUGALL CHRISTIE.

If ever Fortune's sunny face
Hath smiled upon thee for a space,
But frowned when clouds began their race,
Look not back!

If ever Joy's soul-cheering smile
Hath lighted up thy fate awhile,
But gloomed at last with treacherous guile,
Look not back!

If ever Happiness' pure ray
Hath glinted on thy opening day,
But sorrow tinged thy noon with grey,
Look not back!

If ever dreams of well-won fame,
To weave a garland round thy name,
Should wake in woe but not in shame,
Look not back!

Oh! look not back with fruitless pain
Nor hug remembrance' torturing chain;
What's done is done, and must remain,
Then look not back!

Stoop not to profitless despair,
But hope; the haggard cheek of care
May yet a smile of comfort wear,
Forward look!

Trust to the Fount of peace and power
To soothe the miseries of the hour;
Man's help is but a withered flower—
Trust in God!

ANCIENT MITRE AND CHASUBLE.

THIS mitre, formerly preserved in the Museum of Reims, belonged, if report speak true, to the Cardinal of Lorraine, Charles of Guise, and was worn by him at the Council of Trent. In 1669, the value of the mitre was estimated at 45,000 livres, a sum equal to £2,500. The stones were mounted on silver cloth, covered with gold flagree; the highest point of the front of the mitre being formed by a figure of Saint Michael, the archangel, destroying the dragon. This was originally ornamented with seventeen small diamonds, valued at sixty crowns. A fine turquoise and two rubies, immediately under the image of the saint, were estimated at 400 livres. On the frontal band, the title of Jesus, in Gothic letters, was formed of diamonds. Two emeralds, engraved, one with an image of the Virgin, and the other with an image of the angel Gabriel, were also in this frontal band, which, besides, was decorated with rubies. Pearls, rubies, and emeralds, formed the edging to the mitre, and the exquisite flagree work was jewelled here and there with precious stones. The centre band of the mitre was peculiarly rich in jewels, and the pendants were formed of cloth of gold.

This beautiful mitre was hidden during the French Revolution, together with some other valuable property presented to Louis XIV., in a secret chamber in the Museum of Reims. There they were supposed to be perfectly secure; but when